

Woman and Home Supplement.

RICHMOND, VA., SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1894

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

ONCE A WEEK IN THE HOME—WOMAN'S WORLD.

Notes Here and There—A Scotch Roman.

Mr. J. roming on London Women.
Lord Hinton an Organ Grinder.

An Account With the Duchess.

Here's sapphire for that first blue Summer day
When you and I joined eyes across the net;
And here is emerald, to recall one wet Wild afternoon beneath the Channel spray
Upon my yacht, from all the world away
These pearls breathe "moonlight," for
—can I forget
Your silvery train dew-drabbled where we met
Between the dances? Ah, that night was gay!

Set in such gold as once you let me pluck
From those bright curls, this chryso-prase brings luck;
One little diamond fits a crystal tear,
Shed you know when. What's left, an opal flush
With doubt, remember. Last this ruby, dear,
To mark the day you gave yourself, and blushed.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Note Here and There.

Dr. W. R. Savage, of New York, has done a fine and generous thing in offering, free, physical culture to the women of that city who cannot afford to pay for it.

On two evenings in each week, from October until June, he proposes to give free instruction to them, as well as all the advantages of his handsome fifty-ninth street gymnasium. The size of his rooms being the only limit to the number of his pupils. The regulation dress of Turkish trousers and blouse will be furnished at the rooms.

The average self-supporting girl finds the bread-and-butter contest so absorbing as to have but little time, and less inclination for physical culture, and it is a kindly thing indeed to seek to direct her attention into this channel.

Dr. Parkhurst is using all his energy to assist the interest of prominent New York women in defeating Tammany, and, to their honor be it said, is succeeding. It would appear that if purity in politics is to obtain in Gotham, the women must be looked to for it.

Numbers of women who advocate suffrage for their sex, have, since a certain primary in a State fertile in a variety of things, been presenting the following: "If we can do this much without the ballot, what may we not do with it?" Considerably less, I should say. If all women were good, then, indeed, the possibilities would be bewildering. But then all women are not good, and though Socrates should fall upon me and rend me for my heretical views, my position on this question is precisely that of Miss Edith Thomas. It must be remembered that in late crises the interest of conscientious and pure women only have been called for.

A woman physician will shortly locate among us, and there are a variety of opinions as to the success with which she will practice her profession in this stronghold of orthodoxy on the woman question. She must be extremely careful about her bonnets and positively must not go on the street after dark without a chaperone; otherwise the conservatives will be after her, and remind her in no uncertain way, that a nice woman ought to do exactly as her grandmother did, and that "moving on" is a plebeian thing.

If she be wise and efficient, the liberals will welcome her in spite of mild eccentricities as regards her bonnet, and not only welcome her, but encourage others to follow in her footsteps. A WOMAN.

Girls as Helps to Men.

Almost every man has his private accounts, which require constant recording, and which, in many cases, are transferred to a clerk in his office to attend to, writes Edward W. Bok in an article showing "How a girl may help her father financially." In the September "Ladies' Home Journal." Here a daughter could be of invaluable assistance. A man's household bills are often to him a matter of annoyance in their necessary auditing and it would be a relief to the mother, as well as to the father, to know that the accounting was in the hands of a daughter who would bring a personal interest to the work.

The lawyer also has at times certain briefs and affidavits which cannot always be written at the office, and, he too, would be glad to have his daughter's assistance. In fact, every man has certain things in his life which he would gladly turn into the hands of a daughter if he felt that it would please her to be able to relieve him. Few daughters either realize this or even imagine it. I have often felt that if girls could enter more into the lives of their fathers and take from them some of the little burdens they would be the better for it.

Not only would such help be a relief to the father, but it would be an educative training for the girl, which would stand her in good stead in her later years. Helping her father to remember his daily engagements, seeing that his accounts are properly balanced, following his personal matters—all these things enter into the life of a girl when she becomes a wife. And if she begins with her father's interests she will have a better idea of the things which constitute a man's life when she becomes a wife. Daughters should come much closer to their fathers than they do. And it must be remembered that they are not aloof because of any unwillingness on the part of the father.

The Costumes She Wore.

She had five or six trunks of remarkable size
And a tiny valise.
The trunks she appeared very highly to prize,
But not the valise.
The custom house officer sized up the pile,
And thought that the woman must travel in style,
But he didn't believe it was really worth while
To touch the valise.

He opened the trunks to see what was there,
But "passed" the valise.
'Twas such a diminutive, dainty affair—
Was the little valise.
But she was a dancer, a star on the stage,
And the trunks held her "notices," page after page;
But the costumes she wore that made her the rage,
Were in the valise.
—John Connor in "Home and Country."

Women as Doctors.

Nowhere in the world is there a place where the modern woman has had and has such enthusiastic support in all her ventures as here in America, says the Chicago Herald, and the modern woman has not been slow in improving the opportunities offered her. It is hard to mention any field into which she has not entered to compete successfully with the sterner sex, and in some professions she has completely dethroned man from his former unquestioned supremacy. There is, perhaps, no profession to which the emancipation of modern woman is more inclined than the medical.

It is a little hard to tell why she should evince a predilection for sawing bones

SCOTCH ROMANCE.

A Pretty Dressmaker Marries Into the Nobility.

Scotch people are not ordinarily regarded as being very flighty or susceptible. On the contrary, they enjoy the reputation of being matter-of-fact, hard-headed and sensible. Yet it is Scotland that furnishes by far the largest shares of romance to the aristocracy of the United Kingdom, and the latest installment thereof is provided in the shape of a runaway marriage by Maj. George North Dalrymple and a Miss Maria Vannett, who has hitherto been working in a dressmaker's establishment at Dundee. She is a pretty, pale-faced girl of about twenty-two, and the daughter of a man who is employed as engineer on one of the small trading steamers running in and out of Dundee. She made the acquaintance of her husband at Carnoustie. They were married by Sheriff Smith of Arbroath. Major Dalrymple, who is thirty-eight years of age, tall and well built, has little or no money, being a son of a younger brother of the present Earl of Stair, while his mother was a daughter of Lord Napier.

His cousin, Viscount Dalrymple, heir to the earldom, came before the public in a somewhat unpleasant light about a year ago in a suit brought against him by his wife for the custody of their children. The charges made by the Viscountess were of such a nature that, acting under the advice of her counsel, she declined to publicly specify them. The differences between husband and wife had long been a matter of public gossip and discussion in London and Edinburgh, and, while the majority side with the Viscountess, it is only fair to say that Lord Dalrymple, a tall, handsome and powerfully-built horse guardman, has many friends who claim that her ladyship's charges are just as groundless

after she took her place among the best of Parisian actresses, with the part she played in Francois Coppee's "Passant."

Sarah Bernhardt makes us believe in the theory that the frailer a woman the stronger and the more enduring she be. She also shows us what will can do when exercised and made to bend to the requirements of mind and body. While Mme. Emma Nevada was singing in Moscow, the French ambassador told her an anecdote about Sarah Bernhardt which proves her indomitable will and power of endurance. When she was in Moscow on a tour, the ambassador came to her to solicit her aid for a matinee which was about to be given for some charitable purpose.

"I am willing," she said, "but you must grant me a favor in return."

"What is it? If it is in my power it is already granted."

"I want to assist at a bear hunt."

"But, madam, that is impossible; think of the hardship. The hunt takes place at night. You must go miles in an open sleigh; you will freeze to death."

"That's my look out. You procure me the occasion to see a bear hunt and I will manage to survive."

She played the night the hunt took place. She started at midnight in an open sleigh, the thermometer was thirty degrees below zero and the snow was so deep that horses, sleigh and riders were covered with it on their arrival at the rendezvous of the hunt. Sarah Bernhardt walked knee deep in the snow until morning. She arrived at home at noon and played in a matinee and in an evening performance of that day. I imagine that one of several of the magnificent bear skins that cover the floor of her salon belonged to the bears which were killed that night.—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

Matilda Mary Jane.

These girls with fancy names remain
The only girls, it seems,
Whom poets and musicians choose
As soul-inspiring themes.
And so she lives, this lovely lass,
The best of all the train,
Forgotten, 'cause they christened her
'Matilda Mary Jane.'

She helps her mother 'round the house,
She does the milking, too,
And tidies up the sitting room.
When all the chores are through,
It's there Seth comes a courting,
There's no 'meeting in the lane,
Nor namby-pamby nonsense 'bout
'Matilda Mary Jane.'

O, Bonnie Annie Laurie,
She was lovely years ago,
And Daisy-Ray or Dean or Bell—
We're always pleased to know,
And Sweet Marie's a nice girl, too,
But give us something plain;
Let's have a tune or two about
'Matilda Mary Jane.'

He Lashes the Ladies.

Was ist los mit Jerome K. Jerome, novelist and playwright, that he should break out like this

In the west end of London there are plenty of vivid, brainless, heartless, over-dressed in the afternoon and under-dressed in the evening little animals, that, there being no other name at present for, we have to call women.

They are vicious, selfish and idle. They sell themselves for money and then do not carry out the terms of the bargain. They marry, but they are never wives. They are blood-suckers on the unfortunate men who have been asses enough to undertake the responsibility of feeding and clothing them.

They will ruin them in their business and worry them into early graves rather than to go without an extra new dress. They have children, but they are not mothers. They have not even the instincts of the better class brutes.

Self-indulgence and stupid, they drift through life, everlastingly whining and posturing, a bore to themselves and a curse to every one who knows them.

They cry that they are misunderstood, which would be the most charitable thing that could happen to them, and they talk about their souls with as much assurance as if they really possessed one. They take all they can get, they do nothing for it, and they are never satisfied.

The Ex-Empress Eugenie.

She usually promenades alone, indifferent to her personal appearance, or at the side of an attendant, of whom she takes no notice but a reflex of the grace and elegance of deportment that thirty years ago made her the most admired woman in the world overspreads the Empress' features at moments when she acknowledges the salutations of neighbors and villagers with a bow and a smile. It seems, indeed, as if the respectful courtesy of the simple folks of the estate did her great good. While Eugenie's face is greatly altered, exhibiting in repose deep lines of care and sorrow, her figure is still beautifully proportioned and of noble outlining. Her hair is perfectly white, and seems as abundant as ever.

Eugenie has never worn anything but black since the death of the Prince Imperial; when traveling silks and satins or velvets are the highest order of perfection are favored by her Majesty, but at home she prefers cashmeres and woolsens. I have seen the Empress repeatedly in the neighborhood of her estate clad in a long, close-fitting paleot, trimmed with erape. A deep black veil covered her face without obscuring its marble whiteness.—London Letter.

Missionary Labor.

"Love your neighbor as yourself,"
So the parson preaches;
That's one-half the decalogue,
So the pray book teaches.
Half my duty I can do
With but little labor,
For with all my heart and soul
I do love my neighbor.
And I've preached the word, I know,
For it was my duty
To convert the stubborn heart
Of the little beauty.
Once again success has crowned
Missionary labor,
For her sweet eyes own that she
Also loves her neighbor.



A Conceit of Puff, Point and Velvet Loop.

or regulating sluggish livers. One would naturally think she would prefer some calling having less disagreeable features about it, but as the song has it, "We didn't think she would do it, but—she did." America is certainly the El Dorado of women physicians. They are now to be found in almost every town, small or large. It is estimated that there are at least 2,300 women doctors now practicing in the United States, and their number is largely augmented every year. This is exclusive of the numerous female dentists, who, of course, call themselves doctors. Most of every one of these women have earned their diplomas with high honors and the world at large is much the gainer by these feminine practitioners. Let no man beguile himself into the belief that they have but a superficial knowledge of their calling. Women doctors or doctoreesses are, taken as a class and considering their number, far more painstaking and closer students than many of the men in the medical profession.

The Duchess of Hamilton is a famous butter maker, and with her own hands shoves the cream around in the churn. She gives the buttermilk to the poor.

The reply of Lawrence Barrett to the young actress who asked him why some actresses succeed while others with more talent fail applies to other callings than that of the stage. "My child," said he, "business tact, push, and influence will reach the goal, while simple genius will faint by the way."

and malicious as those brought by the Countess of Russell against the Earl. Lord Dalrymple's mother is a French lady, the eldest daughter of the late Duc de Coligny, while his brother is the popular "Jock" Dalrymple who is aide-de-camp to the Duke of Connaught.—Chicago Record.

Sarah Bernhardt.

The reopening of the Renaissance has caused the Parisian papers to unearth some of Sarah Bernhardt's past experiences in her agitated life. A theatrical director not long since gave amusing details about her debut just after her studies in the conservatory. She had already acted some insignificant parts in one or two minor theaters, when one of the two directors of the Odeon thought she would do very well for a certain role in a new play. But people who knew Sarah's eccentricities told the director that she had already got the reputation of the wandering Jewess; she never could be found when wanted. The director persisted, however, found her and engaged her for a year at \$20 a month. Sarah told him that salary was no object, that she wanted to play. She failed in the part, and M. Duquesnell's partner told him it was all nonsense to persist in having that Sarah; she was too bony, too ugly and that she never would have a voice for the stage, it was too small and too thin. Besides, she must have her walking papers; they could not afford to give \$20 a month to a useless woman. M. Duquesnell, who had faith in Sarah, told his confrere that he was willing to pay Sarah out of his own salary, that he knew she would come out right when she was given the right parts. A few months